

CHARTISM.

HISTORICAL AND EXPOSITORY VIEW OF IT.
Continued.

The reputed leader of the "physical-force" Chartists is Mr. Feargus O'Connor, who, however, it is just to say, repudiates the connection. But we have looked carefully through the speeches and writings of that honorable gentleman during some years, and the result is to convince us that he has been playing fast and loose with the "physical-force" principle of agitation, and that, whenever there was any real danger of his being compromised by his violent language, he has dexterously thrown cold water on his own incendiaryism. The best proof that he is disposed to go even greater lengths than Sir John Hobhouse and other members of the present Whig Government were in 1831, is, that the other sections of Chartists have, from time to time, protested against his violence. But, on the other hand, it is just to say, that he does his utmost faithfully to serve the cause of aristocratic government, and the maintenance of the electoral status quo, by sowing the seeds of discord amongst the Chartists, and effectually preventing a general union amongst them for legitimate agitation.

In an article in this magazine some few months ago, in which more than justice was done to Mr. O'Connor, it was observed that he had "adopted" the principle of peaceful agitation from Mr. O'Connell. That was, perhaps, the best term to use in describing his course. His language to the famished multitudes in the North, ten years ago, was very different from that which he now uses in the House of Commons. He then, in fact, took up the incendiary torch which had been flung aside by some members of the present Whig Cabinet, who thought, after firing the country, to have quenched it. But a shrewd demagogue, like Mr. O'Connor, could not fail to see the weight of so illustrious an example; and accordingly his speeches in agitating for the Charter were a loud echo of those made in 1831 by certain lordly and learned agitators. Mr. O'Connor, now the professed admirer of moral force, no sooner observed the peaceful efforts of the working classes, than he denounced them as "moral force humbugs," and he speedily exemplified his own views. Talking to a meeting at Rochdale, he is reported to have said, "He did not intend to spend another six years, or even one year, before he obtained for the people their just rights. The black slaves would have their emancipation on the 1st of August, 1838, and he meant to have the manumission of the white slaves on the 29th of September. 'If the Whigs did not concede the liberty of the people on the 29th, the people would take it by force on the 30th.' And then he went on, according to the report, to say, 'They would have their Michaelmas goose on the 29th, and on the 30th their opponents should have the goose. We had preached peace, but was prepared for war. One of those torches [pointing to one near at hand] was worth a thousand speeches. It spoke a language so intelligible that no one could misunderstand it. Those who were not within the hearing of his voice would comprehend the meaning of that silent monitor.' Again, in February, 1839, speaking at White Conduit House, he said, 'They would have, they must have, universal suffrage; and he had sworn himself, that he would have it or die in the attempt. They would have freedom though they should fight for it.' Again, Mr. O'Connor asked the meeting, 'What they would do if the Chartist Convention were arrested?' Many of those present shouted, 'We would rise.' Mr. O'Connor said, 'He was hard of hearing, and wished they would repeat it,' whereupon many vociferated, 'We'd rise! we'd fight!' On another occasion, in May, 1839, he said, at Manchester, 'Did they think he was going to counsel the people with pikes, and pistols without barrels, and guns without locks, to unfold their naked breast to an armed soldiery? No, when the people made their attack, it would be upon property.' In the previous month he had said at Birmingham, 'If in the prosecution of the attainment of your just rights one single shot should be fired upon you, I would not give twopenny for all the property within twenty miles of Birmingham.'

This language offers a striking contrast to the paternal admonitions addressed by Mr. Feargus O'Connor to "his children," under the influence of the 200,000 special constables and the well-disposed military preparations of the Duke of Wellington.

The "moral-force" Chartists charge upon the "physical-force" Chartists the riots at Birmingham and Frost's insurrection in Monmouth. It is, of course, impossible to say how far the infuriated persons, who on those occasions outraged the law, were influenced by such language as that we have quoted. But most rational men would hold the advocates of violence responsible for at least a part of the mischief. What seems to annoy the "moral-force" Chartists most is, that their disciples have been the sufferers while the other party have done the wrong. For instance, the "moral-force" Chartists considered that the police had violated the law in preventing a meeting of the people in the Bull-ring at Birmingham, and a declaration to that effect was made and signed by their secretary and leader, and the law punishes upon Mr. Lovett, prosecutes him, and imprisons him for a year in Warwick goal. This is the way of the world.

Whatever may be our opinion of the political value of the Charter, we must at least draw a line between those who put forward their opinions moderately, and those who would use violence. It did seem rather hard, that the consistent advocate of peaceful agitation should be the victim of the preachers of violence.

Upon this imprisonment of Mr. Lovett we have a word or two to say. The subject has been thoroughly discussed in Parliament, and we believe that most men who were not blinded by political passion, considered the treatment of Mr. Lovett and his fellow-prisoner, Mr. Collins, (a tradesman at Birmingham, whose office contained a list of subscribers to a small book entitled *Chartism*, written in a very noble spirit of forbearance, of kindness towards all classes, and containing a well-organized scheme for the education and improvement of the people, socially and politically. As a mere literary production it is interesting, but it becomes more so when we contrast the almost philosophical calmness of its tone with the painful circumstances under which it was written.

The *Morning Chronicle*, speaking of this little book, says: "The fact of such a work as that having been concocted in goal is a severe rebuke on wrongheadedness, to call it by no stronger term, that visits political offences with vexatious restrictions and torturing aggravations of the judicial sentence of simple imprisonment. May the plans, statements, and sentiments of this meeting meet with the attention they merit from legislators and statesmen."

Ultimately, after many unsuccessful attempts, the "moral-force" Chartists under the guidance of Mr. Lovett, carried out their views as to the formation of a mutual instruction society. These attempts seldom realize the expectations of their founders; and the National Hall, in Holborn, is certainly not a very strong lever for revolutionizing society. But the intention is good; and, as far as we have been able to learn, the different classes for instruction, the library, reading-rooms, lectures, &c., &c., which go to complete the plan, are well-conducted. Looking over the list of subscribers for this association, we find, among a host of others, the following names and sums:—Lord Brougham, £10; Mr. Leader, M. P., £50; Mr. Travers, £10; Mr. W. H. Ashurst, £1; Mr. Hume, M. P., £5; Mr. Elphinstone, M. P., £5; Mr. J. S. Mill, £5; Mr. P. A. Taylor, £5; Dr. Bowring, £1; Mr. T. S. Duncombe, M. P., £10; Mr. Warburton, M. P., £25; Mr. P. Williams, M. P., £1; Mr. H. B. Fearon, £5; Mr. John Marshall, M. P.,

£10; General Evans, £5; Dr. Southwood Smith, £1; Mr. B. Wood, M. P., £10; Sir John Easthope, £10; the Earl of Radnor, £25; Mr. Swynfen Jervis, £5; Mr. Gilbert Pouncey, £5; Mr. George Grote, £10; Mr. Rigby Wason, M. P., £5; Mr. Sharman Crawford, M. P., £10; General Johnson, M. P., £1; Mr. W. Collins, M. P., £1; Sir F. Burdett, M. P., £5; Sir M. Wood, M. P., £10; Mr. Milner Gibson, M. P., £10; Mr. O. Cave, M. P., £5; Mr. C. P. Villiers, M. P., £5; Mr. Wynne Ellis, M. P., £10; Mr. Wakley, M. P., £5; Mr. Hawes, M. P., £3 3s.; Mr. Prescott, the banker, £5; Mr. Charles Buller, M. P., £2.

Why do we parade these names and sums after the fashion of charity dinners? Because we are so absorbed by the spirit of the *bourgeoisie*, that we will entertain no cause that is not what we call "respectable." Philanthropic Browns and Smiths may preach and practice in faith, however excellent their objects or their faith, but get a lord to head them, or, failing a lord, (which is the true talisman), a few M. P.s, or even a baronet, and to which England has turned a deaf ear for half a century will be immediately included in the list of reputable objects.

To be concluded.

For the Herald and Journal.

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THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

The day of judgment! what an awful word is this! what a truly terrific time! when the heavens shall be shivered as a scroll, and the elements melt with fervent heat! when earth and its appendages shall be burned up, and the fury of that conflagration be such, that there shall be no more sea! a time when the noble and ignoble dead, the small and the great, shall stand before God, and all be judged according to the deeds done in the body; yea, a time when the thoughts of the heart and every secret thing shall be brought to light; when the innumerable millions of transgressions, and embryo and abortive sins, shall be exhibited in their purposes and intents; a time when justice, eternal justice, shall sit alone upon the throne, and pronounce a sentence, as impartial, as irrevocable, and as awful as eternal! There is a term of human life; and every human being is rapidly gliding to it as fast as the wings of time, in their onward motion, incomprehensibly swift, can carry him! And shall not the living lay this to heart? Should we not live in order to be judged? And should we not live and die so as to live again to all eternity, not with Satan and his angels, but with God and his saints? O thou man of God! thou Christian! thou immortal spirit! think of these things!

Observe the order of this terribly glorious day;—1. Jesus, in all the dignity and splendor of his eternal majesty, shall descend from heaven to the mid region, what the apostle calls the "air," somewhere within the earth's atmosphere. 2. Then the shout or order shall be given for the dead to arise. 3. Next the archangel, as the herald of Christ, shall repeat the order, "Arise, ye dead, and come to judgment!" 4. When all the dead in Christ are raised, then the trumpet shall sound, as the signal for them all to flock together to the throne of Christ. It was by the sound of the trumpet that the solemn assemblies, under the law, were convoked; and to such convocations there seems to be here an allusion. 5. When the dead in Christ are raised, their vile bodies being made like unto his glorious body, then, 6. Those who are alive shall be changed, and made immortal. 7. These shall be "caught up together with them to meet the Lord in the air." 8. We may suppose that the judgment will now be set, the books opened, and the dead judged out of the things written in those books. 9. The eternal states of quick and dead being thus determined, then all who shall be found to "have made a covenant with him by sacrifice," and to have "washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb," shall be taken to his eternal glory, and "be forever with the Lord." What an inexpressibly terrific glory will then be exhibited! I forbear to call in here the descriptions which men of a poetic turn have made of this terrible scene, because I cannot trust to their correctness; and it is a subject which should be spoken of and contemplated as nearly as possible in the words of Scripture.—Clarke's Theology.

THE CONFESSIONAL AND RESULTS.

Recently a young Irish girl was brought up for final examination at the New Bailey, Manchester, charged with having stolen a gold watch, the property of her master, Mr. Johnson, of Urmoston, to which she had absconded to Ireland. When apprehended at Liverpool, on her return to this country, she stated that she had given up the watch to a policeman in Ireland, having been told to do so by a priest to whom she went to confess. Since her examination and remand by Mr. Trafford, her story has been found correct, extraordinary as it may appear, as Inspector Maybury has been over to Ireland, and has succeeded in recovering the watch. It seems that on confessing the robbery to the priest, he did not interest himself to see the watch restored to its rightful owner; but he actually instructed the misguided girl to go with a lie on her lips to the nearest policeman, and tell him that she had found it! Nay more, he sent his own servant with her, thus countenancing a wilful and deliberate falsehood. On receiving the watch, the police authorities advertised it in two of the Irish papers, the most unlikely mode, as the priest must have known, to bring its recovery under the notice of its true owner. The girl was committed for trial. Manchester Paper.

HOW TO REPROVE TATTLING.

ANECDOTE OF ROBERT HALL.

During a certain period of Mr. Hall's residence at Leicester, there were in his congregation some members of a family formerly widely scattered over the world, but who, I hope, are now dying off—I refer to the TATTLERS—sometimes found related to the busy-bodies in other men's matters; and always to be discovered where mischief is to be done, especially among Christians. My friend, having been annoyed by some of these parties, resolved to give them a little advice from the pulpit.

On one Lord's day morning, the place being crowded, and the earlier portions of the service gone through, he rose, and in the hesitating, tremulous manner in which he always began his sermons, announced as his text James 1: 26, "If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain." The congregation looked at the preacher, and then at each other, beginning to suppose and expect something "appropriate to their circumstances." It is possible that Mr. Hall perceived this, for he proceeded in a somewhat higher tone than usual to say, "My dear brethren, you will probably feel that something like an apology is due, on account of my having selected this text from which to address you this morning; I entirely sympathise with this feeling, and hereby I solemnly and publicly ask pardon of God and you that I have so long neglected an important branch of duty, which is to reprove one evil that has awfully tended to devastate the world, to ruin the church of God, and to destroy the personal religion of every one who indulges in it; I mean the practice of backbiting and slander."

I need not add that the sermon was one which could not be easily forgotten; and that it was useful in removing the evil which he thus exposed. May each of your readers resolve, "I will take heed of my ways, that I sin not with my tongue!"—Dr. Becher.

HUMILITY.

"Remember, Moses, wist not that the skin of his face shone. Looking at our own shining face is the bane of spiritual life and of the ministry. O, for the closest communion with God, till soul and body, head, face and heart, shine with divine brightness; but, O, for a holy ignorance of our shining!"

THE LORD SENT IT, IF THE DEVIL BROUGHT IT.

There resided in my neighborhood a poor widow, whose means of support were exceedingly limited. Between nursing herself for rheumatism, and spinning and knitting, most of her lonely time was passed. I am ashamed to say, that on one or two occasions I joined some wild young chaps in playing off tricks upon her, such as making unusual noises about the house at night, smoking her almost to death by putting a board over the top of her low mud-built chimney, and such like doings, that we thought rare sport, but for which we deserved a little wholesome chastisement, if there had been any one authorized to administer it.

One night, soon after dark, it happened that I was returning home in company with a merry fellow about my own age, and had to go by old Granny Bender's cottage. I had been in the town, and was bringing home a couple of "baker's loaves," of which some of our folks were as fond as city people are of getting now and then a good taste of country "home-made."

Tom, said I, as the old woman's cottage came in sight at a turn of the road, "suppose we have a little fun with Granny Bender?"

"Agreed," was Tom's answer, for he was always ready for sport.

We had not fully decided upon what we would do when we came up to the cottage, and passed to settle our mode of annoyance. The only light within was the dim flickering of a few small sticks burning on the hearth. As we stood near the window, listening to what was going on inside, we found that Granny was praying, and a little to our surprise, asking for food.

"As she expects to get food from heaven," said I, irreverently, "I suppose she will have to be accommodated."

And turning from the window, clambered up noiselessly to the top of her chimney—a feat of no great difficulty—and tumbled my two loaves down.

When I reached the window again, in order to see what effect this mode of supply would have upon Granny Bender, I found the good old woman on her knees, piously thanking God for having answered her prayer.

"That's cool," said I to Tom, "now isn't it?"

"I rather think it is," replied Tom.

"And is the old woman really such a fool as to think that the Lord answered her prayer, and sent her well-baked loaves of bread down the chimney?"

"No doubt of it."

"It won't do to let her labor under this mistake; no, never in the world," said I.

"Hullo, Granny!" and I threw open the window, and pushed my laughing face into the room.

She had risen from her knees and was about putting a piece of bread into her mouth.

"Now, Granny Bender!" said I, "it isn't possible that you believed that bread came from heaven? Why, you old sinner, you, I threw it down the chimney."

By this time the old woman's countenance was turned fully towards me, and by the dim light of the feeble fire, I could see that there were tears of thankfulness upon the faded and withered face. The expression of that face did not in the least change, though there was a deep rebuke in the tones of her voice, as well as in the words she uttered, as she said—

"The Lord sent it, if the devil brought it!"

You may be sure that I vanished instantly, while Tom clapped his hands, and shouted,

"Good! good! too good! O dear! but the old lady was too much for you that time!" with sundry other expressions of like tenor.

I tried to laugh with him as he went home, and laugh, perhaps, as loud as he did, but somehow or other, the laugh didn't appear to do me any good.

And after that I let Granny Bender alone.

THE DIVINE PITTY.

It is over the coffin, or the tomb of the beloved, that our hearts pour forth the hidden depths of gushing love. So it is over a lost world that the heart of God has gone forth, pouring itself out in all its unutterable tenderness of compassion. It is towards his poor wandering prodigal, that the father's heart goes out. Over him he sighs and weeps. He sees him without a home, without a friend, self-exiled from the paternal roof. He thinks of him in poverty, in rags, in filth, in famine, ready to lie down and die. He fancies him drinking the cup of the drunken, sitting among the unclean, joining in the mirth of the profligate, guiltiest among the guilty. And as he broods over these things, his whole heart is turned within him. He almost forgets the happy circle round him, in the intensity of his yearnings over his out-cast boy. So it is with God, in his compassion for this forlorn, this self-banished world. The out-goings of his heart towards it are infinitely beyond that of a father's affection, or a mother's deepest tenderness. This is *grace*—that feeling which is called forth, not by the worth, but by the worthlessness of the object, which awakens at the sight of want and misery and guilt.

The story of grace has a beginning, but grace itself has none. We cannot love a friend, till we have a friend to love; but the

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1848.

WHAT IS METHODISM?

METHODIST QUARTERLY.

In noticing the Quarterly last week, we deferred our remarks on its first article to our present number. The paper in question is from the pen of Dr. T. E. Bond, Jr., of Baltimore.

It is written in a rapid, energetic style, and with the very best purpose. The writer somewhat forestalls criticism, by the intimation that "unpleasant truths generally meet with cut reception." This remark applies, however, chiefly to his second inquiry; he will accord to us the freedom to dissent from some of his positions, especially the one under the first question, "What is Methodism?" It consists not, he replies, in "class meetings," or "Itinerancy."—"Methodism existed before these?" nor does it consist in its doctrines, as "the Witness of the Spirit," &c., "for none of its doctrines are peculiar to it." What, then, is it? It is "Religion without philosophy," answers the writer.

By philosophy is meant here, not merely those highly generalized speculations which rise above the individual sciences of Psychology, Ethics, Theology, &c., and treat abstractly of the truth which is common to all such individual sciences; but our author more particularly means theological metaphysics, and he strikes right and left against theological science, theological preaching, theological schools, and seems quite out of humor even with the very valuable word, "theology" itself.

We wish not to insist upon petty distinctions of thought, especially in respect to an effort like this, to investigate a serious and afflictive condition of our cause; but we earnestly thank our esteemed brother of Baltimore for the subject unfortunately, and that tendencies, always too strong among us, and not a little hostile to some of our best interests, will receive strength from his views.

It must be remembered that, according to the article, the doctrines, &c. of Methodism are pronounced not to be Methodism, because they are not peculiar to it. Then of course this absence of philosophy, or doctrinal discussion, being the distinguishing mark of Methodism, must be peculiar to it—its absolute distinction.

We put the question, then, was Methodism distinguished from other sects by the above distinction? We hesitate not a moment to say no. Philosophy in its higher form has seldom or never infected most of the Anglican Protestant churches. Berkeley had to go to Scotland to find in the infidel Hume a successor. Locke never raised up a school except it was among the Scotch philosophical professors. Religious metaphysics have indeed prevailed in the various sections of the English church, as they necessarily will prevail wherever the human spirit is not denied its rights of thought. But we deny that Methodism has been distinguished by any peculiarity in this respect. The Established church has had a host of great doctrinal writers, but they have generally been emphatically the defenders of the faith; their works are noble monuments of theological truth; the dissenters have always had their Calvinistic discussions. But has not Methodism had its Arminian polemics as well? Did not Wesley write on "Original Sin," on "Predestination," "Christian Perfection?" Was not Fletcher's best vigor spent in polemical warfare against Calvinism? And then there was Oliver, Isaac, Watson, Clark, Fisk, &c., forming a series from the beginning to this day. Our best men have dealt in theological controversy. If Calvinists have defended the Augustinian doctrines, we have defended the Arminian ones; and during the period of our joint history there has really not been much difference between us in this respect. Their preaching has not differed so much from ours by its philosophical character as by its less forcible manner of presenting evangelical truth.

If our author's definition applies to any sect more than another it is the Baptists, who during most of their history under the various forms of Anabaptism, from the Reformation downwards, have based their peculiarity on Scriptural literalism, and in respect to Calvinism have had no more tenacity than we have for Arminianism. Our early Methodist preachers loved theological discussion; they were incessantly attacking the doctrines of "election," "perseverance," &c., and they did the cause of truth good service thereby.

It is replied that Methodism, while it dealt somewhat in this kind of "philosophy," "metaphysics," or what not, nevertheless preached the vital truths of Revelation more frequently and powerfully than other sects? Very true; but this does not help the definition of our author. It presents another definition; it is absolute.

The reviewer remarks:—
In their pride and perverseness, the learned saw in Christianity a means of reviving rationalism. It supplied philosophy with the primary facts which it had so long needed, and left it free to speculate upon collateral matters; God had revealed great elementary truths, but there were other truths; God had settled certain facts, but there were essences. It was enough to admit positive teachings; it was not necessary to abandon metaphysics. God had revealed the atonement as a fact; he had not explained it. He had revealed a trinity; but the philosophers would show the mode of this great mystery. He had told of angels; philosophy would teach their natural history. He had given a plan of salvation; philosophy would reunite it to human reason, show its propriety, and collate its conditions with the divine attributes, and adjust it to the essential character of the Most High. Yes; there was room, wide room, for philosophy, in the world invisible, and then what a glorious field for it upon the earth! Was not the human soul to be acted upon in all its faculties and sensibilities by the new religion? And how should the complicated business of subduing and remodeling the interior life of man be learned and managed but by the science of mind, by metaphysics?

It does strike us that these remarks need much qualification; doubtless science may be too free with Revelation, and has often done it harm; but are the great efforts of the human intellect for the solution of moral and religious difficulties to be thus summarily repudiated? Are scientific forms to be repudiated by sincere and devout students of Christian truth? Is it really necessary to abandon metaphysics? Are scientific explanations of the "Atonement" wrong? Are the efforts of gifted and profound minds to show the propriety and collate the conditions "of the plan of salvation" "with the divine attributes," to be spurned? Is the illustration of the "interior life of man," by the science of mind, to be pronounced heresy? Is the "Analogy of Butler," the "Evidences" of Chalmers, the "Evidences" and "Home Pathway" of Paley, the "Atonement" of Magee, the "Affections" and "Redemption" of Edwards, the "Original Sin" of Wesley, the "Checks" of Fletcher, the "Institutes" of Watson; are these to be repudiated because metaphysical heresies have sometimes crept into the church? Or if a thousand such writers had lived in our church, would Methodism have been "de-vitalized?" If so, then Methodism can consist best with a state of barbarism.

Our esteemed brother strikes with equal vigor at theological schools. "Indeed," he affirms, "almost if not fully all of the post-reformational heresies have become prevalent in the several branches of the church, may be traced directly to these seminaries." This is historically false. The most "pestilential errors" or heresies in the history of the church sprung from individual fan-

aticism, or came forth from the superstitious seclusion of the monks, and would have been prevented, or at least much ameliorated by a better theological education. Several of the great doctrinal heresies have issued from theological seminaries, but as many from individual heresies in other positions in the church. The press has been fearfully abused—are we therefore to annihilate it? Puseyism came from Oxford, but so did Methodism. The Reformation arose in a theological school. The American movement for Foreign Missions commenced in a theological school, and a great majority of the missionary heroes, who are now attacking the strong holds of darkness all around the world, have gone forth from theological schools. We hesitate not to say that they are next to indispensable in the church among any educated people. It saddens us to meet with indiscriminate hostility against a provision so important to enlightened religion—a provision proposed by Wesley himself, in the very first Conference of Methodism, and sanctioned by the Presidency of Fletcher and the labors of Benson at Trevecha.

We dissent then from this part of our brother's article, and must be allowed to say that we have not expressed, and could not easily express the emphasis of our dissent. We think he has been beguiled by the mere oracular form of his definition into a quite fallacious attempt to vindicate it; but oracular sayings are not unfrequently a sacrifice of sense to sound, and like the oracles of old, are very liable to need qualifications which break down their laconic symmetry. The intimation in this article that "metaphysical" preaching prevails dangerously in our church surprises us. It may be the case in the writer's locality, but we are sure the charge does not apply to New England. We need, indeed, more theological preaching—our range of topics is too limited, and too much repeated.

What, then, is Methodism, if it is not religion without philosophy? We reply that to our minds it is briefly the apostolic doctrines applied home to the masses with greater distinctness and by more powerful methods than have been common among other sections of the church. It is not a simple element or peculiarity, but a combination of powerful elements. The very things the writer says are not it, we think really compose it. Justification by Faith, the Witness of the Spirit, Sanctification, &c.; the Class Meeting, an Itinerant Ministry, &c.; these are Methodism. Others may have them, or their similitude, in part, but they have not had them in that peculiar combination and energized by that quickening zeal which have distinguished Methodism.

We designed to say something respecting the second inquiry of the article, viz: Has Methodism deteriorated? We concur with the writer that it has been passing through a lamentable period of depression. We think, also, that the main cause he points out may have had much to do with the evil, but without now discussing how far, we must be permitted to say that while every effort to correct the evil, combined with humble and penitent confession before God of our short-comings, should be made; made immediately and perseveringly; yet it would be recurrence to the faith of the Gospel, recurrence to the mercy of God, which has so graciously preserved us from any dangerous innovations of doctrine or economy, if we were to admit for a moment the intimation frequently thrown out lately, that Methodism has probably passed through its cycle, and will continue to decline. God deliver us from the mental and moral imbecility of such a thought! The idea once generally received would enervate our very sinews; let us be careful how we deny the power of God by giving this fallacy a fatal currency among us. We have declined, but so we have several times in our history. During this period of declension we have lost much spiritual ground, as well as numerical strength, but has God forsaken us while our glorious doctrines and economy remain, and while many thousands yet lift up their imploring cry unto him from our midst? With two-thirds of this great Continent yet to be settled, and therefore demanding the peculiar adaptations of Methodism, has it indeed run through its cycle? No, no; let us away with the thought; let us return unto God with incessant prayer; let us ascend our pulpits and sound the trumpet of resurrection among the people; let us of the ministry, above all, seek increased personal consecration, and the fire will again flame up on all our altars. Two or three years ago, when this subject was under consideration in the British Conference, Dr. Bunting, while declaring the declension of Wesleyanism, warned his brethren against this dangerous misgiving; it had been indulged before, he remarked, and Southey had seized on it as a proof that the success of Methodism was over, but Methodism had wrought out its chief triumphs since Southey's assertion.

This idea is not only practically dangerous, but it is exceedingly short-sighted. No great community radically loses its vigor at once; its final decline requires time. But what is the later history of our church? Look at one fact: Our increase for 1843 was 154,624; for 1844 it was 102,831; making a gain in two years of 257,455; more than a quarter of a million—nearly one-fourth of all our membership—a number larger than the whole membership of some individual churches which were in being before ours commenced.

Four years ago, then, we were in triumphant prosperity, the whole church in a conflagration of revivals. If the late blighting misgivings about our destiny had been uttered then, they would have been shouted down by the hosannas of our hosts. Can it be possible that good and wise men can distrust God enough to believe that four years have dashed away our last hopes, dissolved our very foundations, and, in short, without any apparent revolution of our doctrines or practical system? No, let us "have faith in God," and the destiny he has appointed us; his glory shall yet shine forth upon us and our children from between the cherubim.

If Methodism has finally failed during this period, then have all other sects failed in like manner, for here and in Europe have shared these lamentable times.

We do not make these remarks as directly appropriate against the article under notice, but as appropriate to the subject—as qualifications which should have accompanied such an article. We must be excused for their emphasis, they are needed; we want less croaking and more praying. God is yet good unto us; let us be grateful, and believingly apply ourselves to our glorious work. We write these views in the fear of God; we know the folly and iniquity of crying "peace, peace, when there is no peace," and would not disguise the real condition of the church. Acknowledging before men, and contritely confessing before God our many short comings, we still reiterate with profoundest earnestness against that withering distrust of the future which the decline of our faith has lately produced. We repeat, let us up and be doing, in the name of the Lord. Especially let us not discourage those wise and legitimate adaptations of our cause which the advancing times call for; let us encourage intelligence, our institutions of learning, ministerial improvement, the preparation of foreign missionaries; let us build better chapels, support better our ministry, circulate more our books, give more liberally to the church in all respects, and consecrate all by a deep personal piety, and withal let us have patient faith; the day of refreshing from the presence of the Lord will again come, we shall see it, and our children shall see it repeated when we have gone to our rest.

The Illinois Conference raised \$5,500 for missions this year.

Our esteemed brother strikes with equal vigor at theological schools. "Indeed," he affirms, "almost if not fully all of the post-reformational heresies have become prevalent in the several branches of the church, may be traced directly to these seminaries." This is historically false. The most "pestilential errors" or heresies in the history of the church sprung from individual fan-

aticism, or came forth from the superstitious seclusion of the monks, and would have been prevented, or at least much ameliorated by a better theological education. Several of the great doctrinal heresies have issued from theological seminaries, but as many from individual heresies in other positions in the church. The press has been fearfully abused—are we therefore to annihilate it? Puseyism came from Oxford, but so did Methodism. The Reformation arose in a theological school. The American movement for Foreign Missions commenced in a theological school, and a great majority of the missionary heroes, who are now attacking the strong holds of darkness all around the world, have gone forth from theological schools. We hesitate not to say that they are next to indispensable in the church among any educated people. It saddens us to meet with indiscriminate hostility against a provision so important to enlightened religion—a provision proposed by Wesley himself, in the very first Conference of Methodism, and sanctioned by the Presidency of Fletcher and the labors of Benson at Trevecha.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Biblical Institute—Its Location—Success—Prospects.

Mr. Editor:—Through your indulgence, I wish to say a few things to the readers of the Herald respecting this Institution, suggested by a few weeks' residence in its vicinity.

And first, the building. This is pleasantly retired from the business part of the village, though not so much so as to make it inconvenient. The rooms are finely arranged for study and recitation, and through the liberality of the ladies in different places, are mostly furnished. It is hoped the good example set will be imitated, and at no distant day every room will be completely furnished.

I believe it is generally conceded that the location is sufficiently central, and no one who has visited it will deny that it is one of the most delightful spots New England affords. One desirable result has been attained in the location of the Institute which is not always secured by our literary institutions, viz., the good will and hearty co-operation of the inhabitants. This has been evident in their donations and efforts to procure and finish the building, and is still continued in the readiness manifested to employ the students during their leisure, and pay them a handsome compensation. Students can obtain abundant employment at almost any kind of business. Add to this the fact that the students pay less for their board than they would at almost any other place in New England, and you have an important consideration in favor of our present location. But dollars and cents should not be the primary consideration in the location of such an Institution, (though this is not an inconsiderable one to a young man who has to earn by day labor every cent to carry him through a course of study, as is the case with many of our young men preparing for the ministry, for if there was no opportunity of doing good, saving money would be an unworthy object. Our Institute, however, is fortunately located in this respect. Indeed, I doubt whether another place can be found in New England, where so wide a field of usefulness is spread out before the aspiring and devoted student, as is found in the vicinity of Concord. A number of small and feeble appointments are supplied, which otherwise would be destitute. The field is not only large, but pleasant, for the people are pleased and profited by the labors of the students.

Though our Institute might seem too young to talk of success at present, I think we can report, even now, encouraging success. This enterprise, as all know, has encountered an energetic and long protracted resistance. Conscience, ignorance, prejudice and selfishness grappled with our infant and struggling enterprise, and sought to crush it before its results could be wrought out. Thank God, they have not been successful. The fury of the storm is broken, and our enterprise still lives. Some eighteen thousand dollars in property and funds give promise of permanence, while the constantly increasing number of students is an unmistakable indication of the growing interest and confidence of our people in the Institute. The full term has numbered twenty-five or six. Our friends will also rejoice to learn, and will esteem it no inconsiderable item of success to hear, that a most delightful state of religious feeling pervades the Institute. A holy ministry, as well as an educated, is the present want of the church; and if this Institution should fail to give such a one, it would prove a grievous curse instead of a blessing. But such a ministry it will give, so long as it remains what it is at present.

From the preceding remarks we may safely infer ultimate success. In addition to these facts, we may point to the spirit of progress, and the wants of the church and the world as prophetic indexes of future prosperity. Indeed, in the far-off years of the future, when the particular influences which have contributed to make up the mighty aggregate of instrumentality which has resulted in a world's salvation shall have been enumerated, we expect our now infant Institute will be found to have been no feeble agency in hastening that long desired consummation.

Those generous spirits who have so nobly contributed for the establishment of this school of the prophets, may felicitate themselves with the thought, that when they sleep in silence, the voice of truth uttered through their instrumentality will be awakening the slumbering slaves of sin, and calling into life the wretched subjects of moral death. Again, the day of regret is at hand for those who have obstructed, or who have sought to obstruct this movement. And none will more regret this opposition than those who have been the most conscientious in their course; for no man is so susceptible to the sorrow of regret as the good man, when he finds himself opposed to the highest interests of the church and humanity.

I cannot forbear earnestly exhorting every young man contemplating the ministry, to repair if possible to the Institute without delay. Should you heed the counsel which would hurry you at once into the active, and to you, with your present preparation, wasting duties of the ministry, you may only prepare yourself for a sorrowful, and perhaps unavailing repentance.

A LOCAL PREACHER.
Raymond, N. H., Sept. 30, 1848.

LETTER FROM THE WEST.

Belleville, Seat of the Illinois Conference—Bishop Morris—Illinois Conference—Its Character and Labors—Missouri Conference—Now Formed—Extensive German Work—First Missionary to St. Louis—Conference Adjournment—Ten Days Session.

Bro. STEVENS:—The Illinois Conference commenced its twenty-fifth session, Sept. 13th, 1848, at Belleville. This is a flourishing village in St. Clair County, Illinois, about 14 miles from St. Louis. It contains perhaps three thousands of inhabitants, of whom one-half, I presume, are of German origin. Although these are industrious, and contribute much to the physical improvement of the village, they nevertheless exert a deteriorating influence on morality and religion. The Roman Catholic and Lutheran priests, though perhaps opposed to each other in points of doctrine, yet agree in their intolerance of Protestantism, and, in example if not in precept, lead the people into the way of Sabbath breaking, intemperance, and their consequent evils. The German missionary has as yet had little success among the German population. The English have one M. E. Church, one Baptist, and one Presbyterian. Considerable mechanical labor is performed. There are three or four of those "smoking hells," distilleries, so common in this country, which convert daily several hundreds of bushels of corn into that which is by far the greatest curse of this nation.

Bishop Morris was the President of the Conference. He is in good health, and seemed a little more sociable than usual. He seldom says anything unprompted or out of place. I enjoyed the privilege of boarding with him during Conference. He related many incidents respecting himself as an itinerant minister and as a Bishop. He is humble, yet dignified; modest, yet true to the demands of propriety and duty; and thus honors the office he is called to fill. Though he does not proceed so rapidly in business as some of his colleagues, he does it for the most part correctly. He is laborious. He was often writing until late in the night, even after having presided in two sessions of the Conference, and held a long meeting with the Presiding Elders,

and seemed solicitous not only to do everything right but in due time.

This session of the Conference may be considered in three parts: the Illinois, Missouri, and German. The territory of Illinois is very extensive. Some of its Circuits are equal almost to some Districts in the Eastern Conference, and some Districts to whole Conferences. The preachers looked generally healthy and vigorous. Five or six however had died during the year. The work of God had been prosperous, and the Minutes, I presume, will show a considerable increase of numbers. The Conference is increasing in intelligence and influence, and in reference to labors and sacrifices would not fall a whit behind any Conference in the M. E. Church. The preachers are unceasingly engaged in all the great moral enterprises of the time, except "Temperance." This whole "West" is twenty-five years behind New England in that respect. The preachers formed a Bible Society among themselves, auxiliary to the American Bible Society, and sent out an agent to labor partly in conjunction with the parent society's agent in this State. Much had been done in establishing Sunday Schools, procuring books, &c. The Conference has two heavy educational interests in hand, viz., McKendree College and the "Conference Female Academy." Two years ago the former was "as good as dead," but is now rising rapidly into life. The latter seems in a fair way to permanent and abundant success. It will open soon under the superintendence of Rev. O. R. Howard, transferred from the East Genesee Conference to Illinois.

The Missouri Conference sat and acted in the name of Illinois Conference. But few preachers of the old Conference were present. These, the fragments of the general wreck, had been tossed and driven, but now seemed to rejoice to be on the old ship once more in a sailing condition. The Conference, as reformed, consists of three Presiding Elders' Districts, twenty-one Circuits and Stations. Some of the Illinois preachers went into this Conference. Their first session will be held in St. Louis, Aug. 29, 1849. May this Conference be especially remembered by all the church, that our Lord Jesus Christ may sustain and prosper them in their difficult and trying field of labor!

The German portion of Illinois Conference is rapidly augmenting in number and influence. It now employs three Presiding Elders and thirty-three preachers. These are spread up and down the Mississippi, in Missouri, Iowa, Wisconsin, and the Western part of Illinois. The two leading members among the Germans are L. S. Jacobi and H. Koenke. But there are some young men who will soon rise to respectability and influence. Truly God has wrought wonderfully among the German people. Eight years ago, Bishop Morris informed me he sent L. S. Jacobi as a missionary to St. Louis, where no impression had been made in favor of Methodism among the Germans, and now the preachers would make a respectable Conference, and the converts are many hundreds. Is not Methodism now returning to the Germans in this country that which he found received at Hernhuth, among the Moravians? May this grace extend to Germany itself, and kindle the flame of spiritual religion in the length and breadth of the land! Our German brethren are doing something in the way of publishing books and tracts in their own language. A Tract Society was formed in the Conference last session. Considerable had been collected for the Society. I was not at the anniversary, but learned it was an occasion of much interest. The Society made the Roman Catholic and Lutheran ministers life members, but it is doubtful whether they will deem themselves honored or degraded by the relation. Conference adjourned the 22d, after a laborious session of ten days. This might be properly denominated the Trinity Conference, as it was almost such in fact.

Truly yours in Christ,
S. MATTHEW.
McKendree College, Sept. 25, 1848.

NEW METHODIST DEPOSITORY.

Our Book Agents of New York have matured an arrangement, by which New England will hereafter have a regular Depository for Methodist books, in this city. It will be immediately opened at No. 5 Cornhill, under the office of Zion's Herald. Charles H. Peirce, Esq., will have charge of it; a better agent could not be found; his enterprise is well known to the Methodists of New England; we may expect to see our publications now thrown broadcast over New England. This arrangement is made with the concurrence of Messrs. Strong & Brodhead, who have heretofore had charge of our books. These brethren will continue the miscellaneous trade, (not however exclusive of Methodist books,) while the Depository will be confined to Methodist publications. With these new arrangements, together with the late reduction of prices, may we not hope our preachers will take a new interest in the circulation of our works? Let us not neglect this great means of usefulness.

LITERARY ITEMS.

The article on Methodism in the last Methodist Quarterly receives some animadversions, notwithstanding the eulogy of the "Great Official." A correspondent of that paper dissents from it; so also does the Repository, Philadelphia; the Southern Christian Advocate in quoting the title, "What is Methodism?" answers, "A remarkably meagre affair, according to this showing." Our own editorial was written before we saw these criticisms.

YALE COLLEGE.—The number of students who have entered the Freshman Class of this Institution this year, amounts to one hundred and six.

ROGER WILLIAMS.—The Reflector says: "that two treatises of extreme rarity, from the pen of the immortal Roger Williams, have just been published by the Hanserd Knollys Society; 'The bloody Tenants of Persecution,' and Mr. Cotton's Letter Examined and Answered,' with an Introduction by Edward B. Underhill, Esq. The work is edited with ability, and contains a well written sketch of the Life of Williams. This Society has been formed for the publication of the works of early English and other Baptist writers. They have already published 'Tracts on Liberty of Conscience and Persecution, 1615-1661, with an Historical Introduction,' the 'Broadmead Records, 1640-1688, with Introduction,' Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, from the original text of the first edition,' and are preparing for publication 'The Dutch Martyrology,' translated from the Dutch."

At the late commencement of Washington College (Washington, Pa.) the honorary degree of D. D. was conferred upon Rev. John Barker, President of Allegheny College.

At a meeting of the Trustees of Newton Theological Institution, on Thursday, October 5th, Rev. R. E. Pattison, D. D., of Cincinnati, was elected Professor of Christian Theology, to supply the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Rev. Dr. Sears. We learn that the office of President was abolished.

Hon. Daniel Webster has accepted an invitation to deliver the anniversary address before the Boston Mercantile Library Association in November. Jas. T. Fields, Esq., of this city, will deliver the poem on that occasion.

LIFE OF MADAME GUYON.

Professor Upham's works are doing vast good among all denominations of Christians. He has defects, but they are compensated about with such masses of sterling truth as to be comparatively powerless. The Biblical Repository (Calvinistic) for October, contains an extended review of the life and writings of Madame Guyon, by Rev. Henry T. Cheever, of New York. The Reviewer, while he acknowledges the defects of this noble work, says:—

These volumes make their appearance as the legitimate demand and offering of the times, because there is arising in the religious mind of evangelical Christendom generally, a strong desire to know more of that form of holiness, or phase of religious experience, which was defended and exemplified with so much benignity, and illustrated by the radiance of so pure and useful a life as that of Madame Guyon. The thanks of the church are due to Professor Upham, for putting fairly within its reach, in other words by correspondence and explanation, the most orderly and philosophical development of what he is pleased to call the Principles of Interior Life and the Life of Faith, which the world has perhaps ever yet known.

These Principles are by no means the natural cause, or identical with, Antinomian Perfectionism; although we are well aware that the widespread but erroneous imputation of their consanguinity is a mill-stone which many, ignorantly perhaps, would like to hang upon the neck of truth, in order to drown it, and its adherents in the depths of the sea. This, however, need not prevent one's attempting what we are impelled to as a simple offering of gratitude, *juvencula votiva*, for the benefit derived from the recent perusal of these volumes; which, though like every human work, they be far from perfect, or the character they exhibit a faultless one, we can on the whole heartily commend, and, as the Italians say, *con amore*, that is, with the earnest and particular good-will which we dare say many others will feel who shall be attracted to read the same.

Who ever knew truth put to the worst in a free and open encounter? Let us then do our best to clear the way to an open field, and a fair encounter for the truth contained in these very instructive volumes. If we can but ring a bell whose trembling peal shall awaken only one great and good mind to listen to the modest but truthful instructions herein conveyed; or if we can hereby hold a candle for but one earnest seeker after truth, we shall more than have our reward. We will be no fault of the editor, if this work does not have a wide circulation.

The Reviewer thus speaks of the future influence of this work:—
Well may there be repeated in a peculiar and emphatic sense of this great and good woman, conceding her imperfections, yet seeing the height to which human nature was carried in her, and yielding with hope to the enthusiastic aspirations after better things, which the contemplation of consummate excellence always inspires, well may there be reaffirmed those sonnet words of Wordsworth—
Thou hast left behind
That better than thou wert
Thou art not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee; thou hast great allies:
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And Love, and man's unconquering mind.

Those powers have been working to the present time. Her great allies in the great aching heart of humanity, and within the longing bosom of the blood-bought church of Jesus Christ, are working for her. God in his providence is working for her, throwing the shield of his protection around her memory and honor, illustrating her life, preserving her words, building her monument in every truly sanctified soul, and by the channel of this good book, pouring what Milton calls the "precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life," into the vital circulation of the militant church. There we pray and are persuaded this influx will be felt, deepening the piety and softly accelerating the pulse of the church, without the intermittent fever and ague of revival and declension; enlarging its faith, increasing its zeal, and adding to its energy and momentum in the onward movement for the world's evangelization, until the Kingdom is given to the People of the Saints of the Most High, and the conquest of the world is accomplished for Christ.

We have no interest whatever in the success of the admirable writings of Dr. Upham save that

J. C. BORTZCOU.
Newark, Oct. 2, 1848.

THE QUESTION DECIDED.

We are happy to announce to our readers that the Herald is to be reduced positively at the beginning of the ensuing year. Brethren have written us from various directions that the condition heretofore annexed to the arrangement embarrasses it. Our enterprising publishers have therefore struck it off, depending upon the generous interest of the preachers and people to sustain them in the measure.

Some brethren may suppose that the Herald is capable of this reduction without peril at the present rate of patronage, especially as there has heretofore been a dividend from it. We must admonish them that according to the strictest calculation we shall be plunged into serious losses and embarrassments, without a large increase of subscribers. We wish this distinctly understood. The paper is young, brethren; the publishers receive not a cent of advantage for their trouble and responsibility; they have obeyed your demand for reduction, because you have assured them that it should be sustained. Besides this view of the matter, how many motives are there for an increased circulation of our organs. How much good can be done by them. Every interest of our common cause would be invigorated by a broadcast circulation of them. We are endeavoring to do our duty in making the Herald what it should be, and we have certainly done our duty fully in pleading for the support of this useful experiment; will you now, brethren, do yours? Shall the Herald suffer and decline under this experiment, or will you forthwith put your hand to the effort of carrying it triumphantly through? Respond, brethren, respond from all directions, by reporting names and payments.

A SUGGESTION.

A correspondent of the Western Christian Advocate proposes that our Parent Missionary Society's Anniversary be held, like those of the American Board, in different places on the "circulating Plan." We believe they would not only produce larger collections, but much wider interest, if they were held successively in the principal cities, say Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, &c.

THE MISSOURIANS are discussing whether their interests would not be promoted by a legislative act declaring that no person born in the State after 1850, shall be held as a slave. The St. Louis Organ says it would not be surprising if some immediate measures were taken to gradually free the State from this acknowledged evil, and add that thousands of emigrants who now make for territories North of Missouri, would settle here, and make it one of the richest States in the Union if only free. "Go ahead," Missourians. Out on the black vest interest of a community. It is a foul disgrace on your boasted freedom. Clear it out, you noble State, preach it out, argue it out, vote it out, with it in God's name by any and every right means. What more imbecile and contemptible infatuation could there be than that of a great State like Missouri, deliberately fastening this blasting curse upon her boundless resources! Some Missourians will read these lines; would to God we could inspire a brave sentiment of State pride and loyalty in their hearts against this most miserable relic of barbarism which most miserable statesmen have imposed upon them. Up Missourians! Speak and act; you may yet redeem your magnificent State from the blight and villany of slavery.

We stated last week that there were five persons in our City Jail under capital charges; two have since been added to that number, making seven. What are we coming to?

Upward of 100 Baltimore tavern-keepers have been indicted for a breach of the observances of the Sabbath in selling liquor.

Our brethren at the "South End" have broken ground for a new chapel at the corner of Suffolk and South Williams Streets. A church is much needed in that section of our growing city. Bro. Frost and his little band have courageously begun an attempt to supply the demand. We hope they will have the sympathies and hearty aid of our city churches.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL AND THE DISSENTERS.

Preparations are already making, by the Dissenters of London, for organizing an effective opposition to the anticipated measure of the English Government for the endowment of the Irish Roman Catholic clergy.

THANKSGIVING IN PENNSYLVANIA.—Gov. Johnston has issued his proclamation appointing Thursday, November 23d, as a day of general praise and thanksgiving to Almighty God.

DELAWARE.—A Delaware paper says, that "The petition for the abolition of Slavery in this State is receiving the signatures of almost all our citizens. From appearances it will be one of the largest petitions ever offered to the Legislature."

Trustees of the Biblical Institute, do not forget the meeting this week, (18th inst.) at Concord, N. H. Leave Boston Wednesday, in the 7 o'clock A. M. train, and you will be there in time.

KENTUCKY CONFERENCE reports a decrease of near 900, ascribed to exaggerated reports at former sessions.

Read the obituaries this week; there is some glorious examples of good dying recorded in them. Our Revival notices show also that some are entering the church below, while others are ascending in triumph to the church above; thanks be to God who crowns his saints with victory in both worlds.

THANKSGIVING.—The Governor, with the advice of Council, has appointed Thursday, the 30th day of November, to be observed as a day of public thanksgiving and praise in this State.

A PROFESSION NOT CROWDED.—It appears from the catalogues of the Congregational and Presbyterian Theological seminaries, that their number of students has been diminishing within the last six years; it being on an average two-fifths less than formerly; while in the Medical and Law professions there has been a gradual increase. In the present stated as an interesting fact, that of the twenty-four late graduates from Lafayette College, sixteen are preparing for the ministry.

THE CHILD'S FRIEND, a lent juvenile monthly, edited by the lamented Dr. Folger, is a most attractive and highly moral tract, and is highly recommended, as it is shown in the "Boiler," 111 Washington St.

TRACT OPERATIONS.—The Tract Society, for the 1st, amount to \$105,097, and exceeded the receipts by \$10,000.

Will receive the Herald first of January, unless accounts.

Wishes to know "if eight months standing January, as condition the Herald at \$1.50 per annum. We answer YES, running year. Such is the Agent is pleased to

Under the new arrangement 25 cents for a new year (the paper) 10 cent. (the paper) from old subscribers.

We wish to make up all the accounts of January next, so as price. We have all bills to our faithful We have thousands accounts. Is not this

For the Herald and Journal.

"HOW MANY FRIENDS HAVE I?"

AN IMPROMPTU.

How many friends have I?
 Ah! this I cannot tell;
 But know I often sigh,
 And often cry farewell
 With aching heart,
 When called to part
 From those I love,
 And distant move.

How many friends have I?
 O! this I faintly know,
 For in this world of woe,
 Alas! too many cry,
 "My friend, my friend,"
 When all is fair,
 And smiling send
 Some warm word;
 But when adversity
 But let adverse waves arise,
 And storms of sorrow roll,
 The gilded meteor flies;
 And what is left
 For the bereft?

Why, friendship's empty name,
 Without its genial soul,
 To cheer the sinking soul.

But how many friends have I?
 Ah! well indeed I know;
 I've many precious friends below,
 And many too in realms on high;
 But even here
 I've friends most dear,
 Who give life's way
 With friendship's ray,
 That seems almost divine—
 A plant from paradise,
 Whose tendrils double twine
 Around my heart.

Alas! how sad! earth's sweetest ties
 Are only formed to sever,
 And dearest friends must part!
 Some part forever!

ELIZA.

Southbridge, Mass.

BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN.

BY W. C. BRANT.

O, deem not they are blessed alone,
 Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
 The power who pities man has shown
 A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
 The eyes that overflow with tears;
 And weary hours of woe and pain
 Are promises of happier years.

There is a day of happy rest
 For every dark and troubled night;
 And grief may hide an evening's rest,
 But joy shall come with early light.

And thou who art thy friend's low hier,
 Sheddeth the bitter drops like rain,
 Hope that a brighter, happier sphere,
 Will give him to thy arms again.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,
 Though life's common griefs deny—
 Though with a pierced and broken heart,
 And spurned of men he goes to die.

For God has marked each sorrowing day,
 And numbered every secret tear,
 For heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
 For all his children suffer here.

FIT EMBLEM OF MAN.

BY HANNAH MORE.

See, how beneath the moonbeam's smile
 You little billow leaves its breast,
 And foams and sparkles for awhile,
 And murmuring then subsides to rest.

Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,
 Rises on time's eventful sea,
 And hushed awhile a moment there,
 Thus melts into eternity!

SKETCHES.

From Lamartine's History of the Girondists.

TRIAL AND EXECUTION OF CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

When she was seated on the bench of the prisoners, she was asked if she had a defender. She replied that a friend had undertaken this office, but not seeing him she supposed his courage had failed him. The president then assigned her the young Chauveau Lagarde, afterward illustrious by his defence of the Queen, and already famous for his eloquence and courage in causes and times when the advocate shared the peril of his client. Chauveau Lagarde placed himself at the bar. Charlotte gazed on him, as though she feared lest, to save her life, her defender would abandon some part of honor.

The widow of Marat wept while giving her evidence. Charlotte, moved by her grief, exclaimed—

"Yes, yes—twas I that killed him."
 She then related the premeditation of the act for three months; her project of stabbing him in the Convention, and the *ruse* she had employed to obtain access to him.

"I confess," said she with humility, "that this means was unworthy of me; but it was necessary to appear to esteem this man, in order to obtain access to him."

"Who inspired you with this hatred of Marat?" she was asked.
 "I did not need the hatred of any one else," she replied. "My own was sufficient; besides, you always execute badly that which you have not devised yourself."

"What did you hate in him?"
 "His crimes."
 "What did you hope to effect by killing him?"

"Restore peace to my country."
 "Do you then think that you have assassinated all the Marats?"

"Since he is dead, perhaps the others will be troubled."

The knife was shown her, that she might recognise it. She pushed it from her with a gesture of disgust.

"Yes," replied she, "I recognise it."
 "What persons did you visit at Caen?"

"Very few; I saw Larue, a municipal officer, and the Cure of Saint Jean."

"Did you confess to a conforming or non-juring priest?"

"Neither one nor the other."
 "Since when had you formed this design?"

"Since the 31st of May, when the deputies of the people were arrested. I have killed one man to save a hundred thousand. I was a republican long before the Revolution."

Faucheret was confronted with her.
 "I only know Faucheret by sight," said she, disdainfully. "I look on him as a man devoid of principles, and I despise him."

The accuser reproached her with having dealt the fatal stroke downward, in order to render it more certain, and observed that she must doubtless have been well exercised in crime. At this suggestion, which destroyed all her ideas, by assimilating her to professed murderers, she uttered a cry of horror.

"O, the monster," exclaimed she, "he takes me for an assassin!"
 Fouquier Tinville summed up, and demanded that sentence of death should be passed.

Her defender rose. "The accused," said he, "confesses her crime, she avows its long premeditation, and gives the most overwhelming details. Citizens, this is her whole defence. This imperturbable calm and entire forgetfulness of self, which reveals no remorse in presence of death—this calm, and this forgetfulness, sublime in one point of view, is not natural; they can only be explained by the excitement of political fanaticism, which placed the poignard in her hand. It is for you to decide what weight so stern a fanaticism should have in the balance of justice. I leave all to your consciences."

The jury unanimously sentenced her to die. She heard their verdict unmoved; and the president having asked her if she had anything to say relative to the punishment inflicted on her, she made no reply; but turning to her defender, "Monsieur," said she, "you have defended me as I wish to be defended; I thank you; I owe you a proof of my gratitude and esteem, and I offer you one worthy of you. These gentlemen (pointing to the judges) have just declared my property confiscated; I owe something in that prison, and I bequeath to you the payment of this debt."

During her examination she perceived a painter engaged in taking her likeness; without interrupting the examination, she smilingly turned towards the artist, in order that he might the better see her features. She thought of immortality, and already sat for her portrait to immortality.

Behind the painter stood a young man, whose fair hair, blue eyes and pale complexion marked him for a native of the North. His eyes were riveted on the prisoner; and at each reply he shuddered and changed color. He seemed to drink in her words, and to associate himself, by gesture, attitude and enthusiasm, with the sentiments she expressed. Unable, frequently, to repress his emotion, he drew to himself, by involuntary exclamations, the attention of the audience, and of Charlotte Corday. At the moment when the president passed sentence of death, the young man rose from his seat with the gesture of a man who protests from the bottom of his heart, and then sunk back as though his strength had failed him. Charlotte, insensible to her own fate, perceived this movement, and comprehended that, at the moment when all on earth abandoned her, a kindred spirit attached itself to hers, and that, amidst this hostile or indifferent throng, she possessed an unknown friend, and thanked him with a look.

This young stranger was Adam Lux, a German republican, sent to Paris by the revolutionists of Mayence, to concert the movements of Germany with those of France, in the common cause of human reason and the liberty of the people. His eyes followed Charlotte until she disappeared amidst the *gens d'armes* beneath the arch of the stairs. His thoughts never quitted her.

On her return to the Conciergerie, which was so soon to yield her up to the scaffold, Charlotte Corday smiled on her companions in prison, who had ranged themselves in the corridors and courts to see her pass. She said to the concierge,

"I had hoped that we should breakfast once more together, but the judges detained me so long that you must forgive me for having broken my word."

The executioner arrived; she requested him to allow her time to finish a letter, which was neither the outpouring of weakness nor regret, but the last act of wounded friendship—addressing an eternal reproach to the cowardly spirit which had abandoned her.

It was addressed to Doulcet de Pontécoulant, whom she had seen at her aunt's, and on whom she believed she had called in vain to be her defender. The letter was as follows:

"Doulcet de Pontécoulant is a coward to have refused to defend me when it was so easy. He who undertook it performed his task with all possible dignity, and I shall retain a grateful recollection of him to my last moments."

His indignation was unjust; the young Pontécoulant, who was absent from Paris, had not received her letter; his generosity and courage were a sufficient guaranty that he would have accepted the office; and Charlotte bore an error and an injustice to the scaffold.

An artist who had sketched Charlotte's likeness at the tribunal was M. Hauer, a painter and officer of the National Guard, of the section of the Theatre Français. On her return to the prison, she requested the concierge to allow him to finish his work, and on his arrival Charlotte thanked him for the interest he appeared to take in her, and quietly sat to him as though, while she permitted him to transmit her form and features to posterity, she also charged him to hand down her mind and her patriotism to unborn generations. She conversed with M. Hauer on his profession, the events of the day, and the peace of mind she felt after the execution of her design; she also spoke of her young friends at Caen, and requested him to paint a miniature from the portrait, and send it to her family.

Suddenly, a gentle knock was heard at the door, and the executioner entered. Charlotte turning round, perceived the scissiors and red chemise he carried over his arm.

"What! already," exclaimed she, turning pale.

Then recovering her composure, and glancing at the unfinished portrait, "Monsieur," said she to the artist, "I know not how to thank you for the trouble you have taken; I have only this to offer you. Keep it in memory of your kindness and my gratitude."

As she spoke she took the scissiors from the executioner, and severing a lock of her long, fair hair, gave it to M. Hauer.

This portrait, interrupted by death, is still in the possession of the family of M. Hauer. The head only was painted, and the bust merely sketched. But the painter, who watched the preparations for the scaffold, was so struck with the sinister splendor added by the red chemise to the beauty of his model, that, after Charlotte's death, he painted her in this costume.

A priest, sent by the public accuser, presented himself to offer the last consolations of religion. "Thank," said she to him, "those who have had the attention to send you, but I need not your ministry. The blood I have spilt, and my own, which I am about to shed, are the only sacrifices I can offer the Eternal."

The executioner then cut off her hair, bound her hands, and put on the *chemise des condamnées*. "This," said she, "is the toilette of death, arranged by somewhat rude hands, but it leads to immortality."

She collected her long hair, looked at it for the last time, and gave it to Madame Richard. As she mounted the fatal cart, a violent storm broke over Paris, but the lightning and rain did not disperse the crowd, who blocked up the squares, the bridges and the streets which she passed. Hordes of women, or rather furies, followed her with the fiercest imprecations; but insensible to these insults, she gazed on the populace with eyes beaming with serenity and compassion.

The sky cleared up, and the rain, which wetted her to the skin, displayed the exquisite symmetry of her form, like those of a woman leaving the bath. Her hands bound behind her back, obliged her to hold up her head, and this forced rigidity of the muscles gave more fixity to her attitude, and set off the outlines of her figure. The rays of the setting sun fell on her head; and her complexion, heightened by the red chemise, seemed of an unearthly brilliancy.

Robespierre, Danton and Camille Desmoulins followed her to the guillotine.

At the moment when she was about to enter the guillotine, she turned back, and with a look of defiance, she uttered a cry of horror.

"O, the monster," exclaimed she, "he takes me for an assassin!"

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had placed themselves on her passage, to gaze on her; for all those who anticipated assassination were curious to study in her features the expression of that fanaticism which might threaten them to-morrow. She resembled celestial vengeance appeased and transfused; and from time to time she seemed to seek a glance of intelligence on which her eye could rest. Adam Lux awaited the cart at the entrance of the Rue St. Honore, and followed it to the foot of the scaffold.

"He engraved in his heart," to quote his own words, "this unutterable sweetness amid the barbarous cries of the crowd, that look so gently, yet penetrating—those vivid flashes that broke forth like burning ideas from those bright eyes, in which spoke a soul as intrepid as tender. Charming eyes, which should have melted a stone."

Thus an enthusiastic and unearthly attachment accompanied her, without her knowledge, to the very scaffold, and prepared to follow her in hope of an eternal reunion. The cart stopped, and Charlotte at the sight of the fatal instrument, turned pale, but soon recovering herself, ascended the scaffold with as light and rapid a step as the long chemise and her pinioned arms permitted. When the executioner, to bare her neck, removed the handkerchief that covered her bosom, this insult to her modesty moved her more than her impending death; then turning to the guillotine, she placed herself under the axe. The heavy blade fell, and her head rolled on the scaffold. One of the assistants named Legros, took it in his hand and struck it on the cheek. It is said that a deep crimson suffusion overspread the face, as though dignity and modesty had for an instant lasted longer even than life.

LADIES.

From Tennyson's Princess.

WOMAN.

The woman's case is man's; they rise or sink
 Together, dwarf'd or gild, or bold or free;
 For she that out of little scales with man
 The shining steps of nature, shares with man
 His night, his day, moves with him to the goal;
 Stays all the fair young planet in her hand—
 If she be small, slight-natur'd, miserable,
 How shall men grow?

For woman is not undeveloped man,
 But diverse; could we make her as the man,
 Sweet love were slain, whose dearest bond is this,
 Yet to like, but like in difference:
 Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
 The men be more of woman, she of man:
 He gains in sweetness and in moral height,
 Nor loses the wrestling thence that throw the world;
 She mental breadth, nor fails in childhood care;
 More as the double natured Poet each:
 Till at the last she set herself to man,
 Like perfect music unto noble words;
 And so these twins, upon the skirts of Time,
 Sit side by side, full-armed in all their powers,
 Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,
 Self-reverent each and reverencing each,
 Distinct in individualities:
 But like each other e'en as those who love,
 Then comes the staidster Eden back to man,
 Then reigns the world's great bride, chaste and calm;
 Then springs the crowning race of humankind.

AN EXCELLENT MOTTO.

"Do not forget that you are a lady," is an admonition that cannot be too strongly impressed upon the mind and memory of every female youth who is now forming habits and a character which must constitute the basis of her future welfare and respectability. It is a great mistake, although a very common one, to suppose that great wealth is one of the indispensable constituents of a lady.

"Honor and fame from no condition rise,
 Act well your part; there all the home lies."

We readily admit that the possession of wealth affords opportunities for mental cultivation and the acquisition of external accomplishments, which cannot be enjoyed by those in more humble circumstances. But alas! how seldom are opportunities improved in establishing traits of character which constitute the *real* lady. How often do we see pride and arrogance assume the place of that modest self-respect, that constitutes the most efficient safeguard of female character.

When we see the accomplished belle, because she can touch the keys of the piano in systematic order, or trip the fantastic toe with precision, look down upon modest and unassuming merit, and evince her own superiority by a contemptuous sneer or a significant elevation of her eyebrows, we are forced into the conclusion that she has forgotten that she is a lady.

When we see her who is less favored in regard to some of these peculiar circumstances, view those who are in the enjoyment of some advantages which she considers superior to her own with that eye of

"Base envy, that withers at another's joy,
 And lutes that excellence it cannot reach."

and endeavor by her pestiferous breath and detraction to produce equality, not by elevating herself, but by degrading her rival, we conclude at once that she has forgotten that she is a lady.

Every one cannot be equally wealthy or equally accomplished, in every particular, but every one can be equally virtuous, equally discreet, equally amiable; and do much, very much towards making herself equally respectable and equally happy.—Chicopee Telegraph.

GRACE GREENWOOD.

A correspondent of the Chronotype, Jane G. Swissheim, in an agreeable article upon Grace Greenwood, informs us that "she has a very pretty rounded arm fastened to one shoulder, with a dimple in the elbow, and a little plump hand attached to the wrist. This is the hand she writes with; and to the left shoulder is a precisely similar fixture. Her ears are small and aristocratic. She is rather tall and quite slender, with a remarkably intellectual head and face. She is handsome always—beautiful at times, according as the lamp within the vase burns less or more brightly. Her manner is agreeable, elegant and ladylike."

THIN SHOES.

We have frequently noticed quite a general tendency in our American ladies to wear thin shoes in the cold season. As the time is near for wet, sloppy streets, we would politely warn our fair readers against this dangerous exposure of health. Though consumption becomes seated in the lungs, it too often creeps in at the toes. Beware of this premature life-killer by keeping them well covered.

BEREAVEMENTS.

"O, God, how thou breakest into families! Must not the disease be dangerous, when a tender-hearted surgeon cuts deep into the flesh? How much more when God is the operator, who afflicteth not from his heart, nor grieveth the children of men."

CHILDREN.

LITTLE ROBERT AND HIS MOTHER.

As little Robert and his mother were detained at home one Sabbath by the severity of the storm, his mother requested him to take his Bible and read to her.

"O, mother," said he, "why can't we have a meeting? I will read, and then you can explain it to me, so that I can understand what I have been reading; and we can sing and pray and have a nice time, can't we? where shall I read? I am almost through Luke, all but the last two chapters; shall I begin there?"

"I have no objection," said his mother.

He read till he came to the verse—"To day thou shalt be with me in paradise."

"Why mother, this wicked man did not repent until just before he died; did not the Savior look him to heaven. Why then be a good boy—I mean a Christian, till just before I die? the Savior will take me to heaven then."

"My boy, do you know how long you will live?"

"No, mother, how can I tell?"

"It often happens that you go to bed quite well, and before morning you are suddenly aroused by your having the croup; and sometimes you have it so severely, that if you did not get relief soon you would die; do you think you could have time to think of God and your sins, and to repent, when you were suffering so much pain?"

"I am afraid not," said Robert, seriously.

"I once knew a little girl," said his mother, "who was more rosy and healthy than you ever were, who went to bed perfectly well, and when her sister called her to breakfast she could not wake her, for she slept the 'sleep of death.' We cannot tell when our time will come. Do you not think it best to prepare while you are in health?"

"O yes, mother, I never thought that I might die suddenly; and if I love the Savior when I am young, I can do something for him, and then I shall be happier in heaven, shan't I?"

Do my little readers think as Robert did.—Youth's Companion.

HE DIDN'T THINK.

So said a little boy as he stood by the side of a mouse-trap which had an unwilling tenant in it. What a fool he was to go in there, said some one. The little boy wished to protect the character of the trembling prisoner, and added, "Well I suppose he didn't think."

No, "he didn't think," and for the very good reason that he was not made to think. But we need not say of that boy who is standing in the circus door waiting for it to be opened, or of that boy with his straggling hair, a pert twist to his cap, and a cigar in his mouth, or the one who stands at the corner of the streets on the Sabbath, or frequents the company of profane and filthy talkers and sinners—what shall we say of such as these? They will be caught in an evil net. They will fall into a hidden trap, and can they say "We didn't think?" Yes, perhaps they can; but if they tell the whole truth they will add, it was because we *wouldn't* think. They have eyes, but they see not, ears have they, but they hear not. Give a mouse their wit, and see if he will be caught in such a trap.

Since machinery has been applied—better roads, turnpikes, railroads, all of which are a species of machinery, have been constructed. Steam has been made to propel the boat and the great ship, and to give power to the mill, to the jenny and the loom. Production in many articles has been more than trebled, and everything the laborer needs has fallen while his wages have risen or remained stationary. The clock which the farmer had not and could not afford, now adorns the mantle of his poorest tenant, and summons him to his meals.

There have been less improvements in agricultural implements than in machinery for manufacturing purposes—but this is the age of improvement. Let machinery be applied to husbandry also. Let bread and meat be as cheap as clothing, and if the distribution is not as equal as it might be, let us rejoice, that if the rich man has more, so also the poor man much more.

The cottager has now by the aid of machinery, what great kings have not in Africa, and what the kings of England had not before the introduction of machinery. The great Alfred sat upon a three legged stool, while many an English or American tenant now reclines on a gilded sofa. If the poor of England and America are not so well off as they should be, machinery is not at fault. It is machinery that has saved them from much greater misery, and the reforms which they need are chiefly governmental and social.—Scientific American.

A NOBLE LITTLE TEMPERANCE GIRL.

We were highly pleased with an incident a friend related to us, about his little girl. He had taken his wife and little daughter to the exhibition of the New York Institute. While there, one of the officers of the Institute, noticing the little girl, and being pleased with her lively and social turn, took pains to accompany her about the fair, and to point out to her objects that might interest her. He left for a short time and visited another part of the building. When he returned, he went immediately to the little girl, and offered her his hand to lead her about the hall again. But no, she would not go with him.

"Why," said he, "you have not seen half the pretty things yet. Come, and I will show them to you."

Still she refused, and clung as if affrighted to her mother. Surprised at such conduct, her mother remonstrated, and bade her be polite to the kind gentleman.

"Mother," said the little girl, drawing down her mother's ears, "Mother, he smells of rum!" And nothing could induce her to go near him again. Was she to be blamed, children?

PROSPECTIVE MAGNITUDE AND INFLUENCE OF THE UNITED STATES.

Our readers may be but little aware of the immensity of the territories of California and New Mexico, of which we have lately come into possession, and which, at no distant day, will exert a decided influence on the destiny of our country and the world. We state the facts to which we refer, in an arithmetical form, that the eye may assist the imagination in forming some faint conception of the gigantic dimensions of these United States and their dependencies, and of the future population which will swarm from the Atlantic to the Pacific. For some of these statistics we are indebted to the N. Y. Evening Post.

1. California and New Mexico contain 337,000,000 The six New England States " 42,081,600

Excess of California and New Mexico over all New England 294,918,400

2. California and New Mexico contain 337,000,000 The Original Thirteen U. States contain 213,901,260

Excess 123,098,740

3. This excess of California and New Mexico over the original 13 United States is equal to more than three times all the New England States put together.

4. California, New Mexico, Texas and Santa Fe contain 545,382,800 All the United States contain 521,694,080

Excess 22,688,720

5. California, New Mexico, Texas, Santa Fe contain 545,382,800 All the Slave States contain but 385,869,840

Excess 159,512,960

This excess over all the slave States is nearly four times as large as all New England.

6. California, New Mexico, Texas and Santa Fe are about equal in extent to the united territories of England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Greece, Prussia, Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, and Denmark.

7. The territories we have lately acquired were as densely peopled as Massachusetts, they would sustain 78,000,000 of inhabitants, or four times as many as the present population of the whole United States; or, if as densely as England, they would sustain 232,970,468, nearly one quarter of the present population of the globe.

At the present rate of increase, within three hundred years—a period but a little longer than has elapsed since the settlement of our country by our ancestors—the population of the United States will rise to one thousand millions—a

number greater than the present population of the entire globe. Oregon and New England will be connected together by railroads, a gorge having been left through the Rocky Mountains by the Creator, as if in the anticipation of the necessity of such a mode of communication between the Great East and the Great West. Ties of consanguinity as well as of government and commerce will bind these wide extremities together, and the mightiest nation the sun ever shone upon, will repose in peace and unity under the broad eagle of republican liberty. Japan, China, and other populous regions of Asia, will be our next door neighbors on the West, and will be reached by steamers from the shores of Oregon in a much shorter time than we now reach Liverpool from Boston.

It is quite "manifest" from these figures and estimates, that the "destiny" of the United States is of the most awe inspiring character. We believe that it is the intention of an All-wise Providence to place the unaccounted millions, who, in future centuries, will inhabit this country, under a more active and decided Christian influence, than has yet been made to bear upon any portion of the human family. Our free institutions will be eminently favorable to the development of the highest civilization, and the most enlightened Christian practice.

THE BENEFITS OF MACHINERY FOR ALL CLASSES.

Fifty years ago wages were no better in fact less than at the present day, and the comforts and luxuries of life far more difficult to obtain. Articles needed by the poor man, cost in those days of comparative freedom from machinery, from twice to three times what they do now, and often more; and you will find that the greatest reductions are in those articles to which machinery has been most successfully applied. There is no article of luxury or comfort to which machinery has been extensively and successfully applied, of which the poor man cannot now get more for a day's labor than he could before such application of machinery. Salt is now less than one third, iron less than one half; shirtings and calicoes, and cloth generally, from one half to one fourth. Pins, needles, shoes, hats, every thing in similar proportions.

Forty years ago such articles of use or ornament as locks, were scarcely known, and could be afforded by the rich only. Farmers' wagons, were chiefly sleds; their houses, cabins; their chairs, stools and benches; bureaus, pins drew in the wall or poles hung across; and their windows often an old sheet or blanket. Nails and glass cost money in those days, and labor commanded little!

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MONOMANIAC.